THE MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

NEWS LETTER

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The Huskers

Subjects and Predicates

Insolation

Plans for an issue of the *News Letter* are ordinarily outlined at least three months in advance—before the current number is off the press. From that time on, we're busy revoking the original outline, teasing somebody to write an article and someone else not to. Just how bad an issue is going to be is never known until the express man dumps a crate of them on the doorstep. Then it's too late to mind.

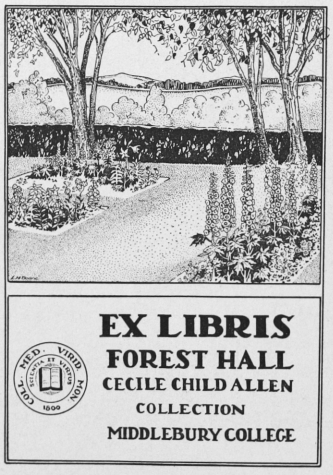
All alumni get the magazine now as a matter of course and accordingly it has to be directed to two classes of graduates: those who don't like the *News Letter* and those who do. Most literary criticism can be explained away on that editorial policy. The latter camp can take heart with the news that the magazine has won another prize—the third. You will recall that one was awarded Middlebury two years ago for personality sketches and an honorable mention for this thorny column. Every year all the alumni magazines in the country—hundreds and hundreds of them—are lined up by a committee of the American Associated Alumni and some four or five prizes are parceled out. To the *News Letter* came a special prize this season for the manner in which college environment is presented. The Judges liked our variety of New England.

'27

Back in 1926, the class of 1927 cleared a pretty balance on a Junior Promenade, and Howard Cutler's *Kaleidoscope* came from the bindery with a neat sum in the class treasury still intact. Mrs. Fred Mertens (Margaret Sedgwick), treasurer, reminded the reunited class of this surplus at their rendezvous last June and pandemonium resulted. Who, what should get this pre-depression gold? According to reports, peace wasn't recovered until someone suggested turning $75 over to the *News Letter*, It is safely entered in our books and is all going to be spent on plates. If, during the year, you spot some illustration you specially appreciate, you are hereby authorized to read the indelible line under it, "Courtesy class of 1927." We take the liberty of presenting for the alumni body a corsage of thanks to '27.

Forest Library

Ever since Forest Hall was opened, bare shelves and empty bookcases have been a source of uneasy comment from visitors. The work of a committee of alumnae to collect and administer a fund for a library is at last under way. The chairman, Mrs. K. R. B. Flint, '01, of Northfield explains: "Several friends of the late Mrs. George H. V. Allen, of the Class of 1901, wish to give some concrete evidence of their deep and lasting affection for her. Because of Mrs. Allen's unfailing loyalty to her College, which found expression in furnishing the supper room in Pearsons Hall and in giving generously of her time and energy in connection with the building of Forest Hall, it seems appropriate to establish in Forest Hall a memorial library to be known as the Cecile Child Allen Collection. Already there is a substantial nucleus to which it is hoped contributions will soon be added to the end that initial purchases for the Collection can be made at once.



"With an opportunity for additions to this open fund from year to year it is believed that this memorial will be to generations of Middelbury women a constant reminder of the fidelity and understanding friendliness of Cecile Child Allen. Contributions may be sent to anyone of the undersigned Committee: Mrs. K. R. B. Flint, Northfield; Miss Theodora Crane, Middlebury; Mrs. Reginald Cook, Middlebury."

All Roads to Middlebury

Idaho, Montana, North Dakota, South Carolina, Utah, and Wyoming were the only truant states in the language schools this summer, but in spite of the absence of their representatives from the roster, the schools managed to top the record enrollment of 1936 by nearly a hundred. Last September the winter session broke 700 for the first time; last July the summer session, not to be outdone, followed suit with a total of 703. Class rooms were taxed to the limit, the dormitories were filled, and overflowed into a score of town residences. As well as from the forty-two states, representatives came from Switzerland and Austria, France and Germany, Italy and Canada, Puerto Rico and Spain, Hawaii and the Canal Zone.

Not Responsible

Even the New York *Times* turns flip occasionally, even the New York *Times* couldn't pass up the recent revival of human interest in Vermont pie-eating for breakfast. And following a long flip story on the subject, Mr. Findley's editorial staff diluted a perfectly serious editorial page with an eight-inch commentary on hot dogs and pie. To quote: " . . . . Billions of hot dogs are sold in the United States. We leave it to the statisticians to say how many belt-lines of these sturdy sausages could be put around the earth's midst if there were a yearly count of sales. The mustard smeared on them would make a sea at least equal to the Caspian. . . . Those of us no

longer strong enough to get away with these athletic cylinders can at least respect them as proofs that the vigorous pioneer inside survives. There is loud sound of wailing in Vermont, and especially in the region illustrated by Middlebury College, about modern degeneration and the too common absence of pie from the breakfast table. The Middlebury professors needn't be discouraged. As pie nourished and strengthened the early generations, so will hot dogs the later. A hot dog is serviceable at any time, for any meal and between meals. It is a test of health. If you can eat one at sight, you don't need to bother the doctors."

So far as we know, the college generation of Daniel Chipman and John Hough was the last to be brought up on pumpkin pie for breakfast. And why Middlebury College should be accused of reviving the custom, only those familiar with the inner cogs of a newspaper office can tell. The College Press Bureau has been busy for months disclaiming any responsibility in the matter. And right in the midst of the disclaiming comes another editorial clipping from the Ownesboro, Kentucky, *Inquirer*:

"Professor Robert Davis of Middlebury College, whose grandfather taught on the faculty there during the War between the States, sadly predicts that New England will cease to be the home of a race of hardy men if it continues its no pie-for-breakfast policy.

"There are students of history who hold that the human race started going to the dogs when men and women ceased to let their hair grow long. Middlebury, however, holds that the best minds of New England were nurtured on a diet of pie. Barber and baker should get together in some sort of compromise agreement. If it is hair that Middlebury needs, let there be hair. If Middlebury needs pie, let there be pie for breakfast."

Let it pass. Miss Dutton assures us that she isn't going to put pie on the breakfast menu of either Forest Hall or Hepburn. Even if she did we'd keep quiet about it. It isn't the sort of copy that brings in either football heroes or undergraduate philosophers.

Escape

A fire escape at last angles its way up the posterior height of Old Chapel. It looks as badly as any fire escape on the flank of any theatre off Broadway, as badly as any escape on your old grammar school building, as badly as the exterior exit from any department store built in the 1890's—and apparently it's as necessary. A second floor bonfire in the hundred-year old building is not a pleasant thought for any of the occupants of the upper *etages* and what with a couple hundred more students in college than there were two years ago . . . .! What the fire escape lacks in beauty is made up in size. Each of the landings could accommodate comfortably a private office or a seminar in something. Fact is, the landings are just about all the floor space left unoccupied in the whole College.

World's Fair

New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and San Francisco may brag sporadically about supporting a World's Fair, but there is only one town in all U.S.A. which can boast of a World's Fair every year. It's Tunbridge, Vermont. Years ago it used to go under an ordinary orthodox local title but when Fair enthusiasts began pouring in from the four corners of Vermont, from New Hampshire, from way down in Massachusetts and even as far south and west as New York a more fitting appellation was deemed expedient. Tunbridge (population 903) tucked away in the eastern Green Mountain foothills, twenty-five miles north of White River Junction, has had its World's Fair since 1875. There are older, larger, noisier, more splendid Fairs in New England than the Tunbridge outfit but not one that can touch it for local color, pastural finesse, or bucolic odor. Nowadays people go to fairs for atmosphere and entertainment, as well as instruction, and Tunbridge beats anything else in New England by whopping strides.

The Tunbridge Trustees make no bones about appearing rural. It's the one great virtue of the Fair. The supporters don't care if they are rustic; in fact they brag about it a little. Consequently two classes of patrons appear on the grounds: those who come to see the Fair and those who come to see the people who came to see the Fair. It's a vicious house-that-Jack-built circle with everyone tagging everyone else around the midway, which incidentally runs for a full 200 yards diametrically across the bottom of a bowl in the hills. The line of demarcation between the two classes of people thronging this hawker's alley is definite and distinct. Unmistakably there are (1) the subscribers to the Agriculturalist and the Farm Journal, the hired men and their bosses, (2) the elite of Manchester and Manhattan, Burlington and Boston. And the twain do meet.

The Midway

The attractions are varied. There's a "Unique Antique" Museum, a catch-all of village utensils from spinning wheels down; an ancient sawmill turned by oxen; a cider mill which has weathered a century and a half of usage and still works; a

REVISION OF STUDY BOOKS IS FORESEEN
Professor at Middlebury Says Material Is Shown Not Essential
Newton Center, Mass., Resident Appointed Midd Alumni Trustee
PANTHER NETMEN TO FACE TEN OUTFITS
Winter Sportsmen Throughout East Are Arriving for Annual Carnival at Middlebury, Vt.
Middlebury College Hockey Team Faces Two Week-end Games
DEGREES ARE PRESENTED TO CLASS OF 131
Middlebury College Dramatic Group to Stage Costume Play
College Glee Club Plans Two Concert Tours This Spring
STAFF NAMED FOR COLLEGE PUBLICATION
MIDDLEBURY TEAM TO PLAY THREE CONTESTS
MIDDLEBURY TO HAVE NEW INSTRUCTORS
MIDDLEBURY PLANNING FOR SKI PROGRAM
"M" GOLF SQUAD TO MEET UNION'S TEAM
Middlebury Hockey Sextet Has Booked Week-end Battles
Gridiron Hopes at Middlebury for '37 Now at High Tide
Middlebury Opens Winter Carnival with Ice Pageant
PROF. BRYANT IS TO LEAVE MIDD FACULTY
Middlebury Class Names Committees for Spring Event
MIDDLEBURY RELAY TEAM IS ENTERED IN CONTEST
FOUR FELLOWSHIPS ARE OFFERED YOUNG WRITERS
EVENT NEXT YEAR AT MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
New Observatory at Middlebury College Ready for Classes
TRACKMEN PREPARE TO PARTICIPATE IN GAMES
MIDDLEBURY'S DIAMOND MEN OUT ON FIELD
Twenty-two Candidates Respond to Call of Coach for Practice Sessions
Internationally Known Lecturers Obtained by Middlebury College for Foreign Language Department
MELODRAMA TO OPEN COLLEGE JUNIOR WEEK
Middlebury College Debating Team Will Complete Year Soon
MIDDLEBURY'S TRACK OUTFIT TO TEST "W"
Dual Meet Scheduled for Tomorrow at Williamstown, Mass.
Middlebury's Grid Squad Is to Stage Eight Engagements
Scene Shifted for Middlebury College Winter Carnival
MIDDLEBURY NETMEN HAVE TWO MATCHES
STAFF CHOSEN BY MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE PAPER
Robert Matteson of Bennington Will Be Editor-in-Chief of College Campus
Staff Announced by Writers' Group at Middlebury College
MIDDLEBURY NINE BOOKS THREE GAMES
MIDD COLLEGE CHARTER WILL BE DISPLAYED
Miss Joy Rahr Is Member of Cast in College Production
MIDDLEBURY'S TRACK OUTFIT TO HAVE MEET
Middlebury College Classes Resumed Following Recess
MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE IS VICTOR IN BASKETBALL
Son Recalls Moody As Gentle Friend, Considerate Parent
Middlebury College, Union Golfers Will Meet in Match Today
Track Event Trials Are Conducted at Middlebury College
Six Fellowships Are Awarded to Young Authors for 12th Year of Bread Loaf Writers' Conference
Middlebury College Squads Strengthened by Freshman Players

Six Months' Crop of Headlines Secured for Middlebury by One Alumnus in One Newspaper.

collection of old farm equipments, such as you never hoped to see in this life: carriages, wagons, hayracks, harrows, scoops, plows, mowing machines, hand-winnowing mills, a whole line of sleighs that our great-great-grandfathers bundled in, maple sugar utensils, corn shellers, reapers, cradles—all with an accent of weathered age, a collection which any metropolitan museum would give a fortune to possess. And the fair is brought up to modern times with a wee ferris wheel and a merry-go-round.

There is a Dream Land Dance Hall decorated with a scarcity of bunting to camouflage the hulking lumber. However, we found the entrance, guarded by a Salvation Army lady and her tambourine that were cutting down on the trade moderately. Then as a special attraction there is a Temple of Mystery which purports to give "scientific readings of all affairs of life, love, business, marriage, speculation, and travel. How to make and retain friends. How to avoid enemies. KNOW YOUR FAITH."

The midway concessionaires are again sharply divided into two catagories: hawkers that do the round of fairs professionally, and the non-professionals of Tunbridge, South Tunbridge and North Tunbridge. They're both pretty funny. The non-professionals don't have quite the proper gift of speech, qualitative or quantitative, and the others have too much for their clientele. We witnessed one farmer refuse to accept a $10 blanket won on a ten-cent chance because he couldn't figure out how he had earned it, and he looked like neither a deacon nor a Sunday School superintendent.

Vermont adaptations of the usual midway features are all in prominence: fishponds, soda venders, side shows, cattle and vegetable show, farm tools, any number of church baked bean suppers, even a live Sambo—called "Charlie the Dodger," but he isn't taking any chances with baseballs. Instead you get three soft tomatoes for a dime to fling at Charles. Of course, there are horse racing and grand stand shows. And the display of home industries ranging from soapmaking to crocheting is alone worth the price of admission.

It's difficult to gather just what the attitude of religious conservatives is to all this frivolity. The Reverend Wayne Hoyle pastors the *Congregational* Church at Tunbridge, the *Baptist* Church at North Tunbridge, and the *Methodist* Church at South Tunbridge. The position of the Congregational Church dexteriously poised on the steep slope a few feet almost perpendicularly above the Grounds would appear to be ambiguous. It certainly turns its back on the fair but on the other hand you could claim as justly that the fair is backed by the church.

World's Fair dates for 1937: September 21, 22, 23.

Headlines

Previous to last January the Glens Falls *Times* rarely used a news story issued by the College Press Bureau. H. M. Crippen, Jr., '18, couldn't understand why. Following the publication of the *News Letter* article "We Want Publicity," he interviewed the editor suggesting that he use as much of the college news as possible and stressed the fact that in the area covered by the *Times* there were many Middlebury graduates. Results appeared immediately. "And . . . when they began using the news," Mr. Crippen explains, "I thanked them for it. These press releases are grand space fillers and will be used if it is known that the readers are looking for News." The Press Bureau is a service, designed to fill a demand, but alumni must create the demand. Have you talked with the editors of your paper?

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Contributions for the Personal News and Notes of Alumni, and changes in address should be addressed to the alumni or alumnae secretaries; other contributions to the editor.

The News Letter is the official organ of the Associated Alumni and of the Alumnae Association of Middlebury College. It is published by the College at Middlebury, Vermont, quarterly, in September, December, March, and June, and was entered as second-class matter November 15, 1932, at the Middlebury post-office under Act of Congress, August 24, 1912.

Catalogue

Copies of the 1937-38 catalogue will be sent to alumni only upon request. Significant changes: for the first time in over forty-two years Dr. Bryant is not on the active teaching staff; he joins the emeritus list and Associate Professor Benjamin Wissler heads the Physics Department. Associate Professor Haller heads a new Department of Astronomy, offering a one-semester, non-mathematical course in the subject. The Fine Arts Department is enlarged under its new head, Associate Professor Owen; new courses listed include Modern Art, Roman Art, Principles of Architectural Development. Last year Greek Drama in Translation was added to the curriculum; a similar translation course appears this year in German, and a course in Roman Civilization with no prerequisites in Latin is offered. Additions to the staff: Walter T. Bogart, Political Science; Claude Bourcier, French; Paulette Cavagnet, French; Robert H. Footman, English; Edwin F. Gillette, Mathematics; John E. Nash, Physical Education; Arnold LeRoy Wilkes, Drama and Speech; Muriel K. Jones, '37, Alumnae Secretary; Adelma Hadley, '28, Director of Student Activities in the Women's College. Staff members leaving Middlebury: Assistant Professor Fish, to continue study at Oberlin; Instructor Hammond, to study at Yale; Miss Harriman, Resident Nurse; Instructor Kurtz; Assistant Professor Le Jolly; Assistant Professor Neally to teach and study at Stanford University; Miss Peck to return to University of Texas; Assistant Professor Telle. Mr. Wiley will be on leave the early part of year; Associate Professor Davison and Professor Freeman the first semester.

Nobler Mansion

French chapel services during the summer were heavily accented with the odor and presence of much lumber. And an additional note of informality was added to the regularly informal Commencement exercises of the language schools by the unfinished interior landscaping of the chapel.

Thirteen years ago the seating capacity of Mead Chapel began to be so overtaxed that five freshmen were assigned to all the side-line pews originally designed for four. In some cases of particularly robust physique it meant that a whole row had to rise and sit simultaneously. Still the fervor for chapel attendance is undiminished. With a bumper registration last year, and another coming on this September, it appeared that something had to be done about chapel immediately. The construction of balconies was the only solution. And—architecturally speaking—a happy solution it is. One has to see them to be convinced, but no one would believe that the addition of two balconies extending the full length of the chapel would add to the spacious effect of the building. The explanation is that all lines in the past have been vertical. The addition of the two heavy horizontal planes appears to widen the chapel and at the same time detract little from the height. When it is completed no one will have any idea that architects Allen, Collens and Willis didn't have balconies in the original plans. The comfortable seating capacity will be increased from about 700 to 900.

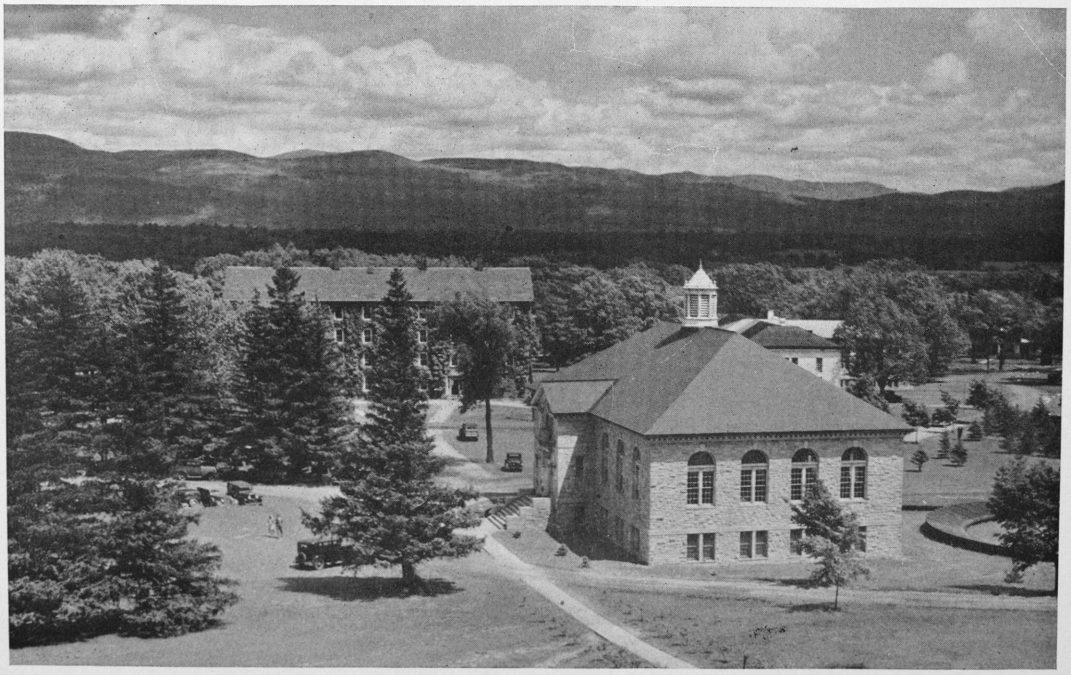
Quiz

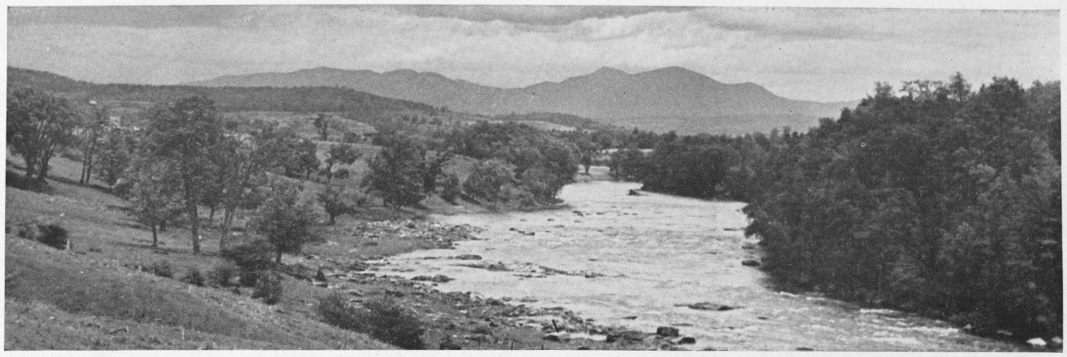
Middlebury has crashed the New York *Journal-American*. Eugene Sheffer, cross-word puzzle composer, is our new ally in spreading information on Middlebury. Picture Mr. Sheffer laboring at his desk surrounded with dictionaries, thesauri, almanacs, encyclopaedias, geographies and dictionaries of phrase and fables, and suddenly confronted with a seven-word vertical blank. "V" has to begin the word and "T" end it. *Vermont*, of course. Now to baffle the public. What state is bounded on one side by a lake and on the other by a river? No, that might be Ohio. What state has more cows than people? Too hard. What state was once claimed by both New York and New Hampshire? Too easy. A Republican state. That's too worn a gag. Ah, of course, there must be a college in Vermont. Norwich, Bennington, St. Michaels, Green Mountain, Middlebury. Middlebury! "In what state is Middlebury College?"

Undoubtedly there are commuters still trying to figure it out.

Limitations

You may anticipate during the next month scores of news stories on record college enrollments all over the country. Middlebury offers no exception. Some 450 men and 650 women have applied for admission, by far the largest number in Middlebury history. The women's college considered no applications after April 20; the men's after July 1. The entering classes will be limited to 115 women and 155 men.





Local Papers Please Don't Copy

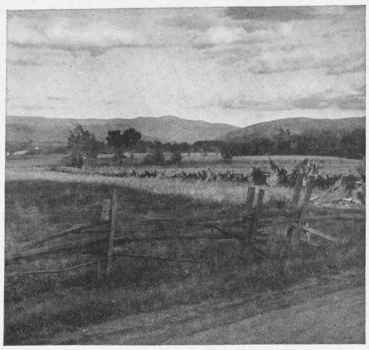
By CHARLOTTE MOODY

IN the July 19th issue of *Life*, ten pages were given over to Vermont. The pictures, in case anyone in the country hasn't seen them, were photographs of Vermont scenes (yes, there's a covered bridge) and people and reproductions of paintings by Luigi Lucioni (in one of which Camel's Hump is called Mansfield) and the text is in the well known *Life* vein. "For Vermont is mountain country. Its people are mountain people. They take their character—hard bitten and proud, rugged and independent, conservative and thrifty—from the granite of their hills, the deep green pockets of their mountain valleys.' Vermont is also, all of a sudden, "unique," "the last stronghold of early Americanism" and "the loveliest of New England states."

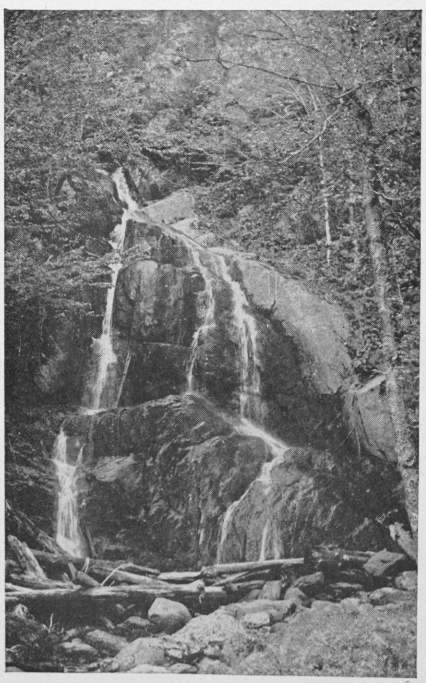
In being turned over to that large public which does not read but which can be persuaded to look, Vermont has become fashionable. Vermonters who aren't too busy filling the tanks of out-of-state cars with gas and spreading butter (thriftily) on sandwich bread, are perhaps a trifle baffled by all this to-do, for it was not ever thus. Vermont was where marble and maple sugar came from. It was populated by lean Yankees who voted Republican (remember?). When you strayed from the state for a metropolitan junket loud laughter greeted your shy avowal that you came from Vermont. Pretty country, I bet, but pretty hick. Now you'd be considered a fool for leaving the last stronghold of early Americanism, even temporarily. What, give up a couple of nights when you could lie awake in the cold, quiet dark with a chance of hearing icicles melt just to go to the theatre? But Vermont is precisely what it always was. Its hills do not shift, its lakes don't dry up, its rivers rarely change their course. It has been here just like this for a long time. Authors and publishers et al "discovering" it, however, are making it seem different.

Perhaps the initial reason is not far to seek. During these last lean years in a world which had mysteriously lost its bottom, where men who wanted to work couldn't find work to do, a town of ten thousand people suddenly stopped looking five times as good as a town of two thousand souls. Farms looked desirable in a country where digging and planting and owning a piece of land seemed as safe as anything in an insecure world. A good many people came back to the land, a good many came to Vermont and a good many were articulate and literary. Magazines reflected this attitude first of all. Not being a research student or of a statistical turn of mind, I have no figures, but there must have been literally thousands of beat-the-depression articles and stories and very many of them were published and a good percentage of them dealt with Vermont. A state which hadn't known good times since the days of the merino sheep wasn't such a depressing place to live in

bad times. The slump was not so noticeable. Then a thin stream of books about Vermont began trickling off the presses and this year they have been in spate and not, as was once the case, read only in Vermont. Chambers of Commerce with their flood of illustrated brochures have followed and possibly strengthened the movement.



Recent books about Vermont differ widely, but there are certain characteristics of the state to which they all call attention. Its people are laconic, their wit is "dry." They vote Republican. They are independent. Their attitude towards summer visitors has been discussed at such length that I cannot bring myself to add any more to the subject. And often there is considerable sentimentality rampant throughout. The sentimentality is of a sinister sort which might eventually evolve a literary Vermonter as far from the truth as the Noble Savage. This new farmer, lean and proud, may be romantic, but he has more in common with Mr. O'Neill's people in *Desire Under the Elms* than with any living Vermonter. Perhaps water that has been pumped or lugged from a crystal spring tastes better than city water dosed with chlorine, but sometimes it's fun to have the water come right out of the tap. Farming in Vermont may make you feel independent, but fun seems a doubtful word to apply to it. I cannot comment on the laconic nature of Vermont speech because it just happens that I've never met a Vermonter who would use two words when he could use twelve, and examples of indigenous humour have always been repeated to me by summer people. That Vermont always votes Republican would seem, in view of the history of the Republican party, to prove neither independence nor judgment but rather gives evidence of an uncritical habit.



Fall, Granville Gulf

There is not space to cope fully with even the recent literature about Vermont, not even to bow to Dorothy Canfield Fisher who for years has written about the state. The titles have been chosen as being most typical and most recent. In the vanguard was *This is Vermont* by Walter and Margaret Hard. Mr. Hard was already known for his poetry, but this book reached a larger public. It is not a good book. It is an affectionate series of dialogues about the state; bits of history, details about population of villages and comments on scenery viewed on a motor trip. It does not make any appreciable contribution to an understanding or appreciation of Vermont, but it is important for having been published at precisely the right time.

A runner-up was *Green Mountains to Sierras* by Zephine Humphrey, also an author of other books about Vermont (*Winterwise*, *The Beloved Community*). This, too, reached a wider public and it is also about a motor trip, though this time it is away from Vermont and back again. It is a pleasant book, disarmingly unpretentious.

Another early example was *From This Hill Look Down* by Elliot Merrick. It is not very successful because it is a novel which reads like a series of magazine articles of the "how-my-wife-and-I-were-happy-in-Vermont-on-nothing-a-year" type. More successful, more frankly auto- [*Continued on page 21*]

"Beards, Fluffs, and Dead Air"

By J. A. Clark, '26

". . . your announcer is Ben Grauer and this is the National Broadcasting Company," says the young man. There is a twenty second pause while he crosses to the back of the studio and clamps his earphones on. Bong, bong, bong! go the chimes. Mr. Grauer waves his arm over his head. The audience starts getting to its feet and another "Rippling Rhythm Revue" starring Bob Hope, Shep Fields and Del Casino is over for another week. But the stars, five writers, a couple of music arrangers and the program producer start their work all over again to prepare another program for the insatiable monster who "gobbles" up material in its stride and is always ready for more. And when Mr. Grauer again steps to the microphone the following Sunday night the afore-mentioned staff, augmented by a cast of actors and a band of musicians, will have put in the equivalent of approximately five days of solid work to provide thirty minutes of music and comedy for their listeners from "border to border and coast to coast."

To the average listener, programs move with such easy flow and drift on and off the air with such smooth regularity that hardly a thought is given to the terrific nerve-strain that dominates the artists and production staff. But there is never a program on the air without it in some form or other. Of course, with the artist, it comes in the form of "mike fright." In the noviciate, it's a paralysis of the chest and throat muscles. In the veteran, it's a paralysis of the chest and throat muscles,—but in a lesser degree. No matter how long an artist may have been "on the air" nor how many times, there is always some nervous tension preceding an appearance before the mike.

The writer has seen actors of thirty years' stage experience tremble and quake and go to pieces before "dat ol' debbil" mike! While general nervousness is a bugaboo to performers, there is a particular experience which not only petrifies them but also sends the production man into jitters. And that is the moment when the actor turns two pages of script instead of one and loses his place! This simple action is guaranteed not only to annihilate a beginner but cause hardy veterans to pale and tremble. The writer can bear witness that one's mind goes completely blank at such a moment and every second seems an eternity until the right place in the script is found. Veterans usually manage to get control of themselves and "ad lib" while a new script is hastily shoved into their hands by the production man or some other member of the cast not playing the scene. In the case of the beginner in the business, there is a pause. It is this interval of what is known in the profession as "dead air" that tips off the listeners that something has gone wrong in the studio.

Next to the ordeal of finding you have turned two pages instead of one is the astounding discovery that page 9, for example, is not included in your script, but is resting over on the piano where you left it after making some changes following dress rehearsal. This is usually covered by "ad libbing" accompanied by frantic signals for someone to give you a script or bring you the needed page. At this point the program director is also having a hemorrhage in the control room. Not that he is upset at the interruption of your up-to-then smooth performance—that's your own personal embarrassing moment—oh, no, but during the time it takes to get the script in running order again, the stop-watch is relentlessly ticking precious seconds away. When you realize that the program is timed to a split second so that it gets on and off the air during an allotted time, and that each page has been specifically clocked for its playing time, you can understand the worry of the director when unforeseen accidents slow up the show. The writer will never forget putting on the premier of the Bob Hope show last spring. With the program a minute and a half over the allotted timing when it went on the air, Mr. Hope waited to get certain laughs from his studio audience during his first monologue and lost fifty more precious seconds. Seeing the danger of having the program run over and as a consequence being cut off the air before it was finished, your correspondent stood in front of Mr. Hope and

the cast and, disregarding applause and laughs for the script, motioned for the players to "pick it up." To their credit let it be stated they did so to such a degree that the program finished with ten seconds to spare. But their director's hair turned gray and he lost ten pounds during the performance.

While broadcasting has its nerve-wracking moments it also has its amusing ones. These usually are occasioned by slips of the tongue, or what we in the business call "beards" or "fluffs." A well-known radio actress tells this one on herself. She was playing an irate society woman who was complaining about a nurse. The script called for her to make her entrance in a towering rage demanding, "I want that nurse discharged!" When her cue came she faded into the action saying, "I want that nurse dis-*churged!*" And there was nothing she could do about it, her words had irrevocably gone out on the air. Of course, if she had been making an electrical transcription, the show would have been stopped right at that point and started over again. There is also the classic story of the nervous and rattled announcer who had to introduce the President and did so with—"The President of the United States, Hoobert Heever." And then there is the famous legend of the children's hour story-teller who thought his studio was off the air when it was still "alive" and so the untold millions in his radio audience heard him clearly say: "There, I hope that puts the little bastards to sleep." Sometimes slips of the tongue are not only amusing but dangerous in that complications can arise from them. One such example comes to mind, if the writer may refer to personal experience again. It occurred on the "Follow the Moon" show sponsored by a soap company last season. The colored mammy had a line written into her part at dress rehearsal which read: "Boy, you is so skinny some cow is gwine ter lick you up for a piece of rye-straw!" But imagine everyone's surprise to hear her say on the actual broadcast: "Boy, you is so skinny some cow is gwine ter lick you up for a piece of *Rye-Krisp!*" The production men were rather perturbed because that same network presented a weekly program sponsored by the makers of a product bearing that name. While it was a perfectly innocent slip of the tongue and not a part of the script, nevertheless, an official inquiry might have resulted.

In his request for this article, the editor of the *News Letter* suggested that the writer include a paragraph on the openings [*Continued on page* 21]

On the Air. Mr. Clark (left) checks the script with Frank Gallup while Hazel Glenn performs on the Lysol program over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

"The Middlebury Idea" is Middlebury's---by Chance

By THE EDITOR

THE IDEA of bringing segregated language schools to Middlebury College was born on a Rutland Railroad coach in 1914. We are obliged to the wheel of fortune for many a significant event in the history of Middlebury. A chance visit of Timothy Dwight was largely responsible for the early start of the College in 1800; a chance misunderstanding of President Hamlin was responsible for coeducation; and, indeed, our internationally famous summer language education may be traced to a chance look from a train window. The observer was Dr. Marian P. Whitney, head of the department of German at Vassar and daughter of the great Yale Sanskrit scholar, William Dwight Whitney. Back in 1914, she was on her way south from a Vermont Teachers' Association meeting at Burlington. She had never heard of Middlebury. Looking from the window of the train, she noticed two new buildings on a Vermont hilltop, obviously part of a college; a fellow passenger across the aisle informed her that they were Mead Chapel and Hepburn Hall. "There," she exclaimed to herself, "is the ideal site for Dr. Stroebe's summer school."

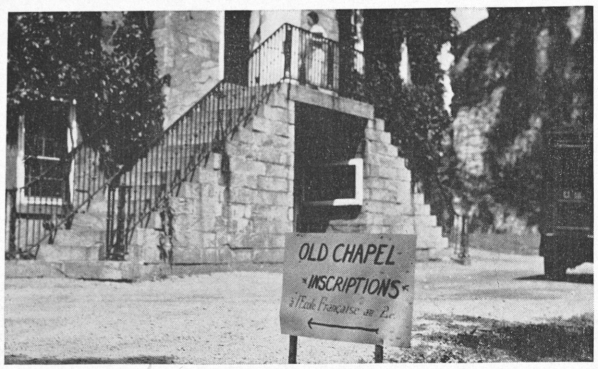
For three years girls' boarding schools first at Lakeville, Connecticut, in 1912, then at Altoona, Pennsylvania, had furnished the site for a unique summer school of German conducted by Dr. Lilian L. Stroebe, then associate professor of German at Vassar College. Dr. Whitney had been much interested in the enterprise and had discussed with her friend and colleague all the details of her plan which required that students live in as foreign an atmosphere as could be created by books, pictures, and periodicals and that no English be heard or spoken. The plan had met with great success but the responsibility for the conduct of the school and the living conditions was becoming so heavy that Dr. Stroebe was almost ready to abandon the enterprise, although she already had several students registered for the following year.

Wake Robin Inn at Lakeville, Conn., formerly The Taconic School and the first home of what is now known as "The Middlebury Idea"

Dr. Whitney had suggested that the ideal location would be some small college in the country, which would give her a building, run the physical and economic part of the work, and offer academic credit, but neither knew where to look for such a college. At that juncture Dr. Whitney made the trip to Burlington. She is now professor emeritus at Vassar; the story of her connection with Middlebury has never before been recorded. Now she explains: "It has long been a source of quiet enjoyment and amusement to me to realize that it is due to me that Middlebury has become a center of modern language study in the United States. I did not realize that others knew this. It was such an accident, due entirely to my habit of always looking out of the window when I pass through a new country on the train. If I had not done so that day the school, in all probability, would have gone to one of the southern New England colleges or might have gone on in some preparatory school buildings. I made possible the summer modern language schools at your college, but through no virtue of my own, only by a lucky chance."

Dr. Whitney is responsible for bringing the schools to Middlebury but Dr. Stroebe will always be honored by the College as the author

Language



French School registration on third floor. Similar foreign language signs identify college buildings during the opening days of the summer session.

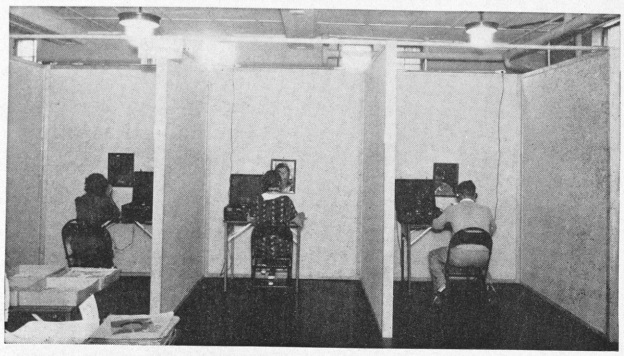
German folk dancing has spread from Bristol to all parts of the United States. The students are dressed in the popular costume of the school.

Each of the schools on the campus flies the flag of the country represented. The Italian flag is raised at the Casa Italiana.

The Spanish School publishes its own song book. All students join in the after dinner chorus.

French School picnic on Chipman Hill. Outings are planned for every weekend.

Schools

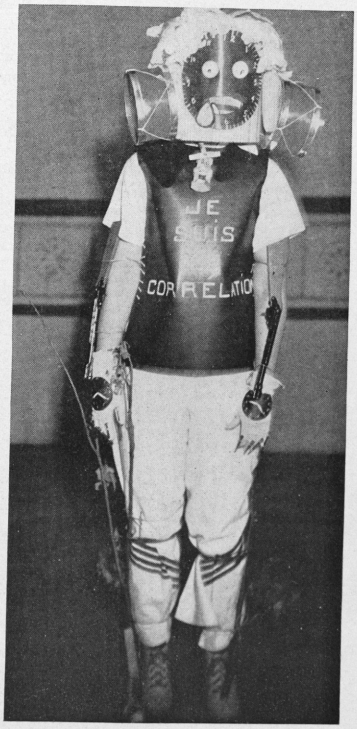


No one recognizes his own recorded voice—especially when speaking a foreign tongue. In the Phonetics Laboratories students have the opportunity to hear their own voices and to correct speech defects.

Le Château

Italian School play "La Giara"

In the Spanish School Gardens. Many informal classes are held out-of-doors.



"Correlation," prize winning costume at the International Ball. Corn ears, and toy drums represent ears; windmill, lungs; limbs, legs, etc.

of what has come to be known in national as well as international educational circles as the "Middlebury Idea." Shortly after her Vermont trip Dr. Whitney wrote to President Thomas suggesting that he provide Dr. Stroebe with quarters for her school and make it a part of Middlebury's summer program. He replied at once that he was much interested, an appointment was made in New York, and the next summer, 1915, saw the first college language school of its type in America founded in Hepburn Hall. In a bulletin as significant for the future of Middlebury summer education as Emma Willard's thesis had been for the education of women, Miss Stroebe sketched her plan—which in the twenty-five intervening years has not been appreciably altered:

> The courses are intended for teachers of German and for other persons, either men or women, who wish to increase their practical knowledge of German for purposes of travel or study abroad. They are not intended for those possessing no knowledge of German.
>
> One of the chief objects of the courses is to enable the students to understand and speak German with ease. This can only be attained by constant practice; for this reason the school must demand a promise from its students to avoid the use of their own language and to speak German only, outside as well as inside the house.
>
> While the morning will be taken up by the different courses, the afternoon will be devoted to private study and to out-door exercise. For conversational practice the teachers will accompany the students daily on their walks and excursions. In the evening there will be social gatherings, illustrated lectures on German life and art, dramatics, readings of modern German poetry, music, etc.
>
> The house will be generously provided with German books, pictures, periodicals, and newspapers, and everything possible will be done to create a German atmosphere. There will be one teacher for every six or seven students. The meals will be taken at small tables with a German teacher in charge of each. On Sundays there will be a German Church Service with the reading of a sermon and the singing of German hymns. Thus the students will have the opportunity of hearing and speaking German from eight in the morning till ten in the evening.

Middlebury was indeed ripe for such a plan. Its summer session was then seven years old. In 1908 Doctor Thomas secured from the State $6,000* annually for the establishment and maintenance of a department of pedagogy—"for education and training of high school teachers." Part of the appropriation not consumed by the new "Pedagogical Course" was applied toward summer education and a general invitation went out to teachers, principals, Sunday School workers, high school and college students, clergymen and "others." They could study either in extension or regular courses anything from New Testament Greek, Ethics, School Management, Virgil, and Surveying, to Metal Craft, Pottery, Hebrew, Preparation of Foods, and Illustrative Drawing—forty courses, under an instructing staff of twenty-three. There were no entrance requirements. The attendance average was slightly over two students per course that first year, but the experiment was a fair success, and in following years when studies like Library Training, Clay Modeling, Trigonometry and the Gospel of Matthew and elementary courses in modern languages were added, the enrollment grew rapidly under the capable direction of Doctor Edward D. Collins. The concerted atmosphere of a summer camp, an Aristotelian Academy, and a school convention pervaded the campus.

Then gradually the open-house plan of education began to break down. The list of courses in advanced German, French, Spanish, Chemistry, and Music increased disproportionately to those in Story Telling, Nature Study, Food Study, and the Religion of Israel.

In 1913 a special School of Music was started by Miss Minnie Hayden, teacher of the art of singing in Steinert Hall. The segregation of a group of students, the organization of their courses with a central aim under one person, and the progressive correlation of the courses within one department, seemed quite incidental to the study of music and no special significance was attached to the idea. Music, after all, was not a subject easily correlated with the curriculum then existing.

In 1914 M. de Visme, an alumnus of Middlebury, returned with a colleague from his own school in Soisy, to take charge of the courses in French. The beginner's subjects were entirely dropped and courses presented in French, such as Le Romantisme, Le Mouvement Poétique de 1880 jusqu' à nos jours, and Le Théatre de Molière were substituted. Students were encouraged to specialize in French, but no attempt was made to segregate them or to limit their conversation to the language.

Dr. Collins himself had all but hit upon the "Middlebury Idea." Only one important step was necessary and that step came from Vassar. The School of German was a brilliant success from the start. The same principles were introduced in the teaching of French in 1916, and Spanish the following year. Then the United States entered the World War; German disappeared rapidly from the curriculum of all schools and colleges; and the Mid- [*Continued on page 22*]

*No longer granted.

Open Letter

To Members of the 1937 Football Squad:

To many September means the scent of fallen leaves or of wood smoke from the hills, the tang of ripened apples, or hillsides all ablaze. To you these are a background for more important things: the perfume of the locker room, of leather, liniment, and sweat. You drink with avid nostrils the sweetness that soon is past. But now the music of the whistle, the thud of boot on ball, and the crash of head-on tackles fills your senses. So autumn heralds the coronation of Football, your King.

. . . *ample warning*

A year is gone forever but we may learn from it. You remember how unprepared we were in our first game at Union due to the small squad reporting at our camp and the full quota at theirs. It would be fatal this year to take such a chance at Williams. It will mean a considerable financial sacrifice to many of you to report here on Labor Day. If you are unwilling to pay this price we will forfeit our chance of success against Williams. We may be confident that they will be ready. The romp they had two years ago may have been wiped from their memory by our record last year. Also they must be prepared for Columbia the week after we visit them. So we must have all of you here at the opening practice.

None of you have the idea that 1936 touchdowns will count in 1937. They may even be a handicap. Last season no one feared us until it was too late. This year they have ample warning and every opponent knows that a win over Middlebury will bring considerable credit. When one is on top of the pile every hand is clutching at one to pull one down. So let us be prepared and the loss of our one-time defeatist attitude will help. Because we are feared we should have confidence. That confidence must have a solid foundation of ability, preparation, and spirit. It will be unavailing to show our newspaper clippings to the enemy.

I hope that we shall not miss Hoffmann, Seixas, and Craig too much, but I fear we may. The 1936 team had no weak spot in the starting lineup and since there were few important injuries the opponents found no vulnerable spot. The loss of one good man sometimes makes a world of difference in a team. Some say that we lose *only* these three men. A small loss in numbers but perhaps a large one in power and effectiveness. We shall have more good reserves this year but not enough so that our physical condition can be much less perfect than last year after the season got under way. There are some good-looking boys in sight to take the places of these three alumni of 1937. However, they are untested and may not prove to be as effective as they now appear. We shall need a good punter so here is a chance for some one to make the team. The 1936 team established a tradition in record, training, and spirit. Let that achievement inspire you to carry that 1936 spirit through 1937. —BENJAMIN H. BECK.

1937 SCHEDULE			1936 SCORES	
			Midd.	*Opp.*
September 25	Williams	Williamstown		
October 2	Hartwick	Oneonta		
October 9	U. S. Coast Guard	New London	12	0
October 16	R. P. I.	Middlebury	13	0
October 23	Norwich	Middlebury	13	6
October 30	Connecticut State	Storrs		
November 6	Colby	Middlebury	6	0
November 13	Vermont	Burlington	20	0

Commencement Reflections

An Interview with GRACE E. MONTY, ex-'22

WITHOUT a doubt Miss Grace Monty has a clearer conception of what went on during Commencement week, more lasting impressions, a knowledge of more details, than any other college graduate who returned for the graduation festivities. And just how she can see so vividly without her physical eyesight is the wonder of all her friends. She came back to Commencement last June for the first time in fifteen years and no graduate with perfect eyesight caught more perfectly the complete setting.

"My first view," she states, "was that of Mead Memorial Chapel on the hill, poised there in its majestic serenity, standing sentinel, overlooking the rest of the college. 'The Strength of the Hills'—it symbolizes,—as it stands there on the crest manifesting the power of peace and tranquility. My mind's eye was full of that familiar picture of beauty and art, enhanced by the colors reflected by the late afternoon sunshine. The blue sky with its fleecy clouds, the landscape—a blending of silver and green and gold with occasional fleeting shadows of the evergreens and shade trees accenting silhouettes on the turf beneath. As all lovers of Middlebury know, there is an intangible, indescribable something in the Spirit of Middlebury, reflected throughout, that can never be duplicated elsewhere. The emotions inspired by reviewing these scenes, after the lapse of years, proves that in spite of the changes in ourselves, the world without and even in the college itself, the Spirit of Middlebury is essentially unchanged. It still serves as a beacon light to all who have come through its welcoming portals."

In reply to any question on how Miss Monty can SEE so vividly in spite of her blindness, she will reply immediately, "Through the eyes of memory, imagination, and friends." She saw Commencement far more deeply than sound penetrates. "This period of years since I left college," she emphasizes, "has been filled with widely diversified travels and occupations, and it is consoling to find that the post-war changes including the depression have not depressed spirits. Our outlook was full of hope and aspiration for a life of usefulness in our various fields of endeavor. Shall we blame Middlebury, or rather praise her, for instilling within her student body that spirit of adventure in the 'art of living' so that we could return to the college years later, and prove in our individual ways that time had left a stamp of mellowness and deeper understanding on our hearts. We experienced the thrills of tying up loose ends and binding the past to the present. We had not lost the old 'spirit' in spite of minor changes such as varying quantities and color of hair.

"The familiar scene of Class Day exercises on lower campus had a glorious setting as far as weather and glowing spirits were concerned," she continued. "The traditional daisy chain and long line of young graduates made a scene fit for the gods. The exercises were enjoyed more than in previous years because of the use of a loud speaker which enabled us to hear every word and helped to drown out the constant chatter among the groups gathered here and there. For even though the 'alums' were vitally interested in seeing and hearing about the progress of the present day student body, they were apt to be overcome with the joy of reuniting with their own associates of former days. However, the Class History, Prophecy and Will were most entertaining and gave us a glimpse into the life of the College as it is today.

"An outstanding event was the Barbecue held at one o'clock—a new institution, established at Middlebury three years ago. A large tent was erected in front of the gymnasium, and tables with delicious eats graced the interior. Miss Dutton was mainly responsible for the inviting food, served cafeteria style to the guests. The alumni sat at their Class tables and expressed much enthusiasm for the program and the repast. The College band playing outside the tent provided the musical setting. And in the clever musical skits given by representatives of the senior class, it was possible to review in an entirely different background some of the scenes from the undergraduate performance of *Bavarian Night* produced last winter."

With keen enthusiasm Miss Monty followed all of the informal events from the baseball game (won by the seniors) and the tea on the lawn of the President's home, to the class suppers and the informal dance.

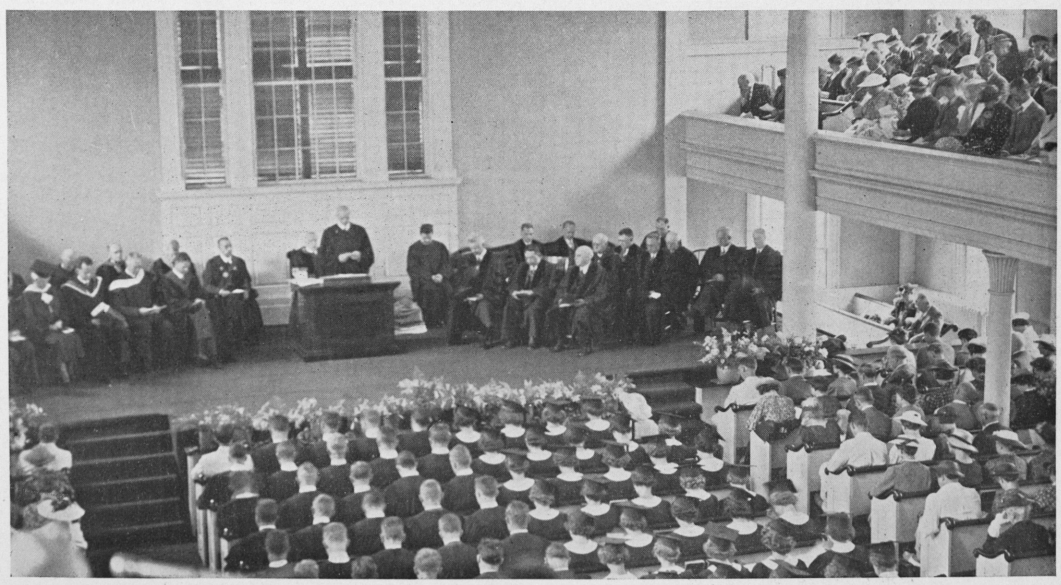
"Your value to society depends on your attitude to change," President Moody told the graduating class in his Baccalaureate address. "Your attitude toward change is in the largest measure controlled by your attitude toward God, for in direct proportion to the correctness or the validity of your sense of values is your attitude toward God." Indeed, the words had double significance to Miss Monty.

Equally was the spirited Commencement address by President Park of Wheaton appreciated. "Representative government is a good idea that one day might be retrieved from the past and made to work," he ventured and then challenged the class to use their knowledge and keenness to help revive the American tradition of independence. "One has to know the past accurately in order to see and hear the present correctly. The accurate, honest mind is bound to succeed. Where the past and the present conflict, the educated man keeps the good of the past and meets the need of the present in a new way."

Honorary degrees were conferred on J. Edgar Park, president of Wheaton College, LL. D.; Bernard DeVoto, editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature*, Litt. D.; Hermon E. Hasseltine, surgeon and author, D. Sc.; Joseph P. McCormack, Head of Mathematics Department, Roosevelt High School, New York City, Pd. D.; and George E. Warren, Vice President of Chase National Bank, M.A.

Among the outstanding events of the weekend for Miss Monty was the first one, the Commencement play, a revival of Sheridan's "School for Scandal." And a high tribute to Professor Goodreds and the cast was the ease with which she followed the long wordy play. Each of the 18th century characters became alive in the setting that was created for her.

"The keynote of the entire weekend," she concludes, "was that of the pleasure of tying the past to the present. Whether old or new graduates, we are all living in a changing world, but it is a fascinating adventure. Our response to its great challenge depends on our "sense of values," and our willingness to accept necessary changes as we build on the foundations that have stood the test of the ages. Personally, I left Middlebury with the assurance that the College has the right attitude toward this world of change and progress, and is meeting its CHALLENGE."



1937 *Commencement*

O Tempora, O Matres

Are undergraduates today getting more from a Middlebury education than you received? Does your diploma have less significance than one given in 1937?

". . . depth and soundness replaced by novelty and superficiality?"

The value of a college education to any individual depends largely upon the quality of the individual, his previous experience, and the path which he follows after leaving college; and for the vast majority of individuals it is much less than is usually thought. It depends to a high degree upon the presence on the faculty of inspiring teachers, and upon the standards of the faculty as a whole. The particular schedule of courses followed is of relatively little consequence. The extra-curricular activities, including athletics, amount to little aside from recreation.

It is my personal opinion that many colleges have lower standards than they had ten or twenty years ago, that in many cases depth and soundness have been replaced by mere novelty and superficiality, and that rigorous training has often given way to softness. Much so-called teaching is little more than entertainment. Have such trends affected Middlebury? I hope not. But if they have, the quality of education at Middlebury twenty years ago was somewhat better than it is today. If Middlebury has escaped these influences it may be that the graduate of today is better trained than were his predecessors.

The most important of all influences which a college can bring to bear on her students is that of inspiring teachers. Not all teachers are inspiring; some are not even competent. But Middlebury has always been blessed with some who were highly gifted. It is such teachers that most of us identify with the Middlebury we love. Besides some who are still on the faculty, there were, while I was there, C. F. Abbott, L. I. Bonney, G. W. Cunninghan, W. E. Davison, H. W. Lawrence, M. R. Sanford, J. G. Stevens, H. P. W. de Visme, C. B. Wright. Education at Middlebury cannot be appreciably better now than then unless there are men on her faculty of higher quality than these. If there are such, Middlebury is singularly fortunate.

HOLLIS R. COOLEY, '20
New York University
Washington Square College
New York City

June 8, 1937

". . . More effort for same degree"

During one relatively peaceful (sober) moment of the weekend of the Glorious Fourth the undersigned considered your request to "check our diplomas." We qualify our remarks to include not the "average" but the "typical" student of the 1927-31 vintage; and since we speak of ourselves, those who knew us may understand our definition of "typical."

A comparison of our circumstances with those of the 1933-37 era will perhaps best illustrate our views. As freshmen our dollars were cheap,—those of our successors dear. Upon graduation we were confronted with utter ruins of what had formerly been an orderly pattern of society. Those who struggled from these ruins to enter college graduated to find at least a partially reconstructed world and some prospects for an opening with opportunity. On the basis of these economic influences this "typical" student has been forced to put forth more effort to obtain the same degree and consequently the diploma today is certainly superior.

We feel, however, the real benefits to be derived from a college education have always existed. They are dependent upon the application of the individual. The changes in courses, methods, customs, etc. have little effect, for statistical data and theories one temporarily acquires are only infinitesimal parts of a business man's requisites. The teaching of where to obtain facts and principles of logical thinking applicable to one's job are the real values.

Commencement is truly the beginning.

Weekend Guest: J. N. TWEEDY, '31
Host: PARKER CALVERT, '31
2529 Jackson Avenue
Evanston, Illinois

July 4, 1937

". . . ill digested hunks of the world"

Concerning your recent article, *Check Your Diploma*, I should like to register a complaint, not too wistful, not to querulous, but dignified with the testy resignation of an oldster angrily shaking his wattles. Your are too breezy with your assumptions, Sir. Motion is not progress without direction. Still, there is no destination marked upon your ticket. You shed no tear in the sickroom of Latin and Greek; yet you tell us this passing is "significant." Is it proper to ask, of what? You glow in describing the emergence of a new campus; but do you suggest that this

has anything intrinsically to do with a diploma? As to Joe College, he is not dead; he is not even sick; he has only changed his clothes and moved in. He was not the product of the old regime, as you seem to imply; he never submitted to it: and if he is a quieter, nicer boy, it is because he is at home.

All of this means that the lordly tradition of pure language expertly controlled passes with all that is called cloistered, impotent, scholastic, fidgeting and spinsterly. It is not meet to strike the roots down deep; better far to float and feed on air like jungle growths. Thoughts try to shape themselves in a mist of journalese. Manners decay. In exchange for the painstaking architecture of an older system, we have ill-digested hunks of the world as the moment sees it; and it is an amorphous thing we form with these gobbets. The extinction of the semi-colon is at least as "significant" as the mortal throes of Latin and Greek, for there are no longer any semi-colons in our thinking.

What shall we do when the last pale reactionary is coughing in the dust of the last lexicon;—have heyday and write a hymn in gibberish? We are burying the Rosetta stone and asking the children to translate.

Very sincerely yours,

Franklin Butler, '33
Asheville School
Asheville, North Carolina

June 6, 1937

". . . knowledge no longer pigeonholed

Your excellent article on the value of diplomas past and present has moved me to thought and reply, as I am sure it has many others. As one of the few surviving classicists of my acquaintance, perhaps I can speak with feeling on some aspects of the newer education.

The amost universal extinction of Greek is deeply to be regretted; the impending extinction of Latin is rather more serious, for it touches intimately every student of English and the Romance languages. Perhaps it is inevitable. I should like to warn the educators of the future that the extinction of these two ancient tongues merely presages a similar and ultimate attack upon all language study. But this is of little import beside the more important matter of education in general.

Education is many, many things, but among some of the more salient certainly are adaptability to circumstances, technical skill, knowledge of the subject, and understanding of men and affairs, with a broad and deep sympathy. It is and always has been so. Now, the value of an education depends wholly upon the use one makes of it. The youth of today have no more opportunity to make use of any one sort of education than those of twenty-five years ago. There are more fields of endeavor, but no more opportunity to be of service in any one field. In that respect, therefore, the young people of today are no better off than we of earlier classes.

A diploma is a certificate stating that certain specified work has been done properly. The work may differ, but the quality of effort put in does not. Its value, like that of the education to which it certifies, depends wholly upon the use made of it—or better, of that which it represents. It must be evaluated by the times in which it issued. Given adequate instruction—and when has Middlebury had anything but that?—the diploma of a classical student of the 1850's who trained for the ministry is fully as valuable as that of a present-day young chemist. Chemistry then was in its infancy, and the theologian made as good use of his knowledge as does his modern scientific brother. Speaking generally, the value of any diploma is qualitative, not quantitative; knowledge broadens, but, for the average young candidate for Bachelor's degree, it does not deepen. It represents work in different fields, and in more of them, but the quality of the work does not materially change.

Any real educator welcomes the comprehensive examination. Its worth is unquestioned. Our knowledge used to be neatly pigeonholed, but now, thank Heaven, it is no longer so, any more than it is in real life. But even here we are but compelling all students to do what every real scholar has to do, willy-nilly—correlate his acquired skills and knowledge. Yesteryear we left it to the individual, with but indifferent success. In that respect our diplomas of today represent a better assimilated knowledge, but not necessarily a better knowledge. Our modern students have a much wider choice in more branches of learning than did we of an earlier generation; this is undoubtedly of great value, yet even here many departments have for years been doing integrating work. Outstanding in this, of course, is the C.C. course, with many in the scientific departments, and even in the now discredited Latin faculty. Again, the progress is quantitative, not qualitative.

All in all, although I did not have the opportunity of taking many of the new courses our modern young people do, I still feel that my diploma is of equal value, and I shall stoutly deny that it is or ever will be inferior. *Lux in caligine fiat!*

Robert W. Meader, '29
Brewster Free Academy
Wolfeboro, New Hampshire

June 18, 1937

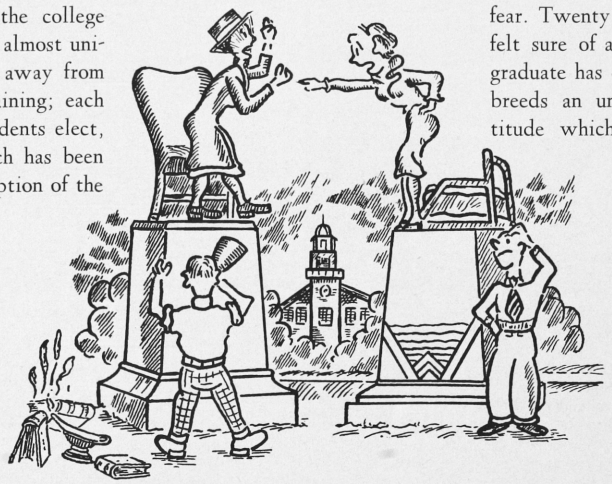
". . . not great Scholars . . . better Citizens."

The '37 diploma is worth more than a '20 diploma for two reasons: both the recipient and the bestower have improved. For seventeen years as a student and a professor's wife I have been associated with colleges, namely Middlebury, the University of Michigan, and Emory University in Atlanta and all show the same results.

Let us examine first the college itself. There has been an almost universal tendency to break away from the standard classical training; each year fewer and fewer students elect, for example, Latin. Which has been the cause for a new conception of the aims of education, the students themselves or the college authorities, I know not, but the result is a firmer grip on the realities of life and a closer connection with the actual world outside of class room walls. Latin and Greek were splendid disciplinary subjects but they gave very little inspiration as to voting for a President, to stopping wars, or cooking a meal when the cook puts on her hat. Such subjects as contemporary civilization, round table discussions on economic questions and international relations may not make great scholars but they make better citizens. Furthermore, it is my opinion that colleges are laying far less stress on competitive athletics than of yore, indeed in Emory University there are none at all. On the other hand, colleges are promoting individual athletics, as witness the colleges that now require swimming ability before conferring a degree. Lastly, the greatest improvement is in the correlation of subjects and the new freedom of research. The comprehensive final exams knocked the props out from under the crammer, the memorizer, the pipe courser. By the time a student is a Junior in college if he is not interested enough to puruse some definite subject for himself, no compulsory attendance at classes or classes of any kind is going to do him much good. That seems to me the greatest step forward; the weeding out of the wastrel.

Now as for the students. There are those who claim the morals of the '37 graduate are not those of fifteen years ago; on that point I could not argue. However, I claim the present student body as a whole is more interested in finding the answers to politics, wars, religions than we were. They have a better social consciousness of the welfare of others. When did we ever have concerted peace movements or Student Bonus bills?

There is just one thing to be said for the '20 graduate that can't be said for the modern graduate. Granting that a college diploma means to one what one puts in it, there are many of our modern students falling behind because of fear. Twenty years ago every graduate felt sure of a job, while this year's graduate has qualms. This, in itself, breeds an unconscious defeatist attitude which deprives him of the resourcefulness and initiative he might employ. It is hard for him to see how a filling station job builds up character or sharpens the wits. It may be that studying about those old Greek Stoics gave our generation the moral stamina lacking in modern youth. If they do lack it, is it the fault of the college, the students, or the age in which we live? Who knows?



Alma Mater '21 *vs* '37

But I still think the '37 diploma confers greater insight into these questions.

PHYLLIS WRIGHT LEWIS (ex-'24)
(MRS.) GEORGE S. LEWIS
Emory University, Georgia

". . . less significance? Not one bit!"

Are undergraduates to-day getting more from a Middlebury education than I received? Some probably are and some probably are not. The answer lies more in the individual than in the curriculum. Can one drink more water from Lake Champlain in a day than from Lake Dunmore?

Does my diploma (1921) have less significance than one given in 1937? Not one bit!

Then is all the advance, enlargement and enrichment in the present administration justified? By all means—the present generation has a much wider field of selection under considerably improved and modernized conditions. This is excellent. President Moody, his Board and his Faculty should be very highly com- [*Continued on page* 22]

LOCAL PAPERS PLEASE DON'T COPY

[*Continued from page 8*]

biographical and more fun to read is the recent *A Home in the Country* by Frederic Van de Water. This last, too, is in the magazine article tradition, but it is written amusingly, and is especially good about the family dogs and a pet crow named Silas. Its faults are endearing ones and it is too nice a book to be critical about. It tells of the search the author and his wife made for a place to live, the amusements and difficulties they encountered and the richness of their rewards. If it is a bit soft it is easily forgiven for if Mr. Van de Water has attempted to do the almost impossible—to convey the peculiar satisfaction of owning a house and acres, the serene contentment to be derived from watching the seasons change—at least it was something worth trying.

And So Goes Vermont is a picture book compiled by Vrest Orton. The pictures are very good indeed, great care having been exercised to keep them "typical" rather than quaint or picturesque and there is no Christmas card element. The titles are unimaginative and sometimes awkward and Charles Beecher Hogan says in a foreword, heaven forgive him, that Vermonters are not smug about their state. But at least it is not about a man and his wife, it would bring tears to the eyes of any exiled Vermonter and Middlebury alumni may feast their eyes on a fine picture of the ski jump on Chipman Hill.

The best job of all has been done by Charles Crane in *Let Me Show You Vermont*. In brief and readable chapters, Mr. Crane has covered almost everything anyone might ever want to know about Vermont; geology, history and all. The maps are good, the many illustrations superb and Mr. Crane writes with great good sense and great good humour. This is the book for your money, and it is useful, too, as a reference. Some of the chapters, perhaps of necessity, sound too much like lists and the author is a bit timid sometimes, perhaps from a laudable desire to keep everybody happy. When he says "Greater than most, if not all, of the Vermont poets is Robert Frost . . . ." one wonders what on earth he means. It would be difficult to find a poet in the country of Mr. Frost's stature, let alone in Vermont.

It is interesting to see how frequently Vermont is being used as a background. Dorothy Canfield Fisher did in *Bonfire*. Sinclair Lewis used it (presumably as the state in which Fascism might be considered most unlikely to succeed) in *It Can't Happen Here*. Frances Frost used it in *Innocent Summer*. In *Night Between Rivers*, the new and very beautifully written novel by R. L. Duffus, the hero's Vermont childhood, described briefly in retrospect, is peculiarly effective, perhaps because of the contrast between those days and the time in which the action of the book takes place, a night when New York is threatened with a general strike. It is effective, too, because there is more of the true nature of Vermont than one usually finds, and all in a couple of sentences. "There could be dryads and similar creatures in Vermont," she continued, "although they would have to be careful to whom they showed themselves. Imagine the late Calvin Coolidge encountering a dryad, Louis.

"The dryad would have been the first to run—that's the Vermont character for you. But the dryads would have to spend their winters in Greece—or maybe Louisiana. Vermont is pagan only about three months out of the year. The pagan puts up a hard fight, but it's always beaten, in the fall."

There is a bit of Vermont in Kenneth Robert's *Northwest Passage*, a grand historical novel. When Rogers' Rangers went up Lake Champlain and attacked St. Francis they returned by way of Lake Memphramagog. They found it terrible country (no Chamber of Commerce would admit to its being in Vermont at all) and the Rangers were unique among all the characters in all the books that have mentioned Vermont lately—they *didn't* like it here.

These books (excluding *Northwest Passage* which doesn't belong here at all and is only referred to because it's good) have two elements in common. First, they are all in favour of Vermont and, second, Vermont eludes them all. It is from her friends, not her enemies, that Vermont suffers. It would be restful, amidst the paeans of praise, to hear someone whisper that the month of March, a trying time anywhere, is well nigh unendurable in Vermont; that the hand of man has not been stayed from littering the roadsides with as revolting examples of billboards and filling stations and eating places as may be found anywhere in the Union; that perhaps the winters are just a shade long and a thought cold, that if town meetings are truly the last stronghold of Democracy there is not much hope for the American dream.

To date, Vermont has eluded everyone. No one has succeeded in transferring any thing of its true essence to paper, just as the special quality of its light has always defeated all but a few painters. People who live in Vermont know that Vermont hills are the greenest, that Vermont mowings under a summer sun are the most serene and lovely, that shadows on Vermont snow are a deeper lavender than in less favored states; they know their countryside is the most lush, their moons the largest and brightest, their springs as wild and beautiful as they are late and transitory. They know that winter is worth waiting for and living through if only to see the ice go out in the spring, and that there is no way to describe the look of November fields or the cold citrous colour of a December sunset. Vermonters are aware that theirs is the best state, and that there is no way to tell about Vermont. Vermont is gone in the telling and only words remain.

One is reminded of H. H. Munro who wrote, in *The Unbearable Bassington*:—" 'The gratitude of those poor creatures when I presented them with a set of table crockery apiece, the tears in their eyes and in their voices when they thanked me, would be impossible to describe.'

" 'Thank you all the same for describing it,' said Comus."

"BEARDS, FLUFFS, AND DEAD AIR"

[*Continued from page 10*]

in the radio field for recent Middlebury grads or older alumni. Like the other professions, radio is crowded by aspirants for fame and fortune. The National Broadcasting Company's talent files is said to contain over 3000 names of those available for radio programs as actors and actresses. But like all other professions, there is room at the top. However, as many of us have found out through bitter years, a college diploma isn't an open sesame to success. Talent, in the creative and artistic branches, and ability and training in the technical departments, are the keystones of success in radio. Two things are absolutely essential if one aspires to a career in radio,—experience and "breaks." And the most important of these is the "breaks." For a man or woman may have all the education, professional training and practical experience (furnished by small stations) in the world, but it will avail him or her nothing until an opportunity to display his or her ability comes along. There are thousands of well-educated and talented people in New York City today who are every bit as talented and capable as those occupying the seats of the mighty at the present time—perhaps even more so—but until someone gives them that first assignment which starts them off on big-time, network shows, they'll continue to wear out shoe leather making the rounds and use up the old savings account.

Well, asks the reader, how does one get that first assignment? And from the depths of seven years experience in radio, the writer says,—by making the rounds incessantly until some power in a studio or advertising agency breaks down and gives one a chance to prove himself or herself as having something for radio.

The cause for so much tragedy and failure in this radio business is not that there is only a limited number of jobs and thousands to fill them, but the fact that too many people are more concerned with what radio can bring them than what they can bring to radio. Crowded as it is, for the person who definitely has something to offer the radio field, radio has a place for that person. So, if you have surveyed your talents, taken stock of your training in some particular branch of the business, acquired practical experience on some out-of-town station so that you know, for example, how to speak on any of the various types of microphone,—ribbon, eight-ball, dynamic, condenser or old-fashioned "carbon,"—then pack up your old straw suitcase and come down to New York and start making the rounds. But next to the essential faith in yourself be sure that the old bank account has enough to stake you for six months before radio starts pouring her riches into your outstretched hands. And if you should get work on a program within your first week in the big city (it has been done) don't spend the check celebrating. You may not get another assignment for weeks or months. There is a definite period of struggle to be gone through before one gets established. You've got to go through it sooner or later. Take it from one who knows—after seven years!'

"THE MIDDLEBURY IDEA" IS MIDDLEBURY'S—BY CHANCE

[Continued from page 14]

dlebury German School went with the tide. Not until 1931 was it revived, but the other schools had grown so rapidly in the intervening fourteen years that there was not room for it on the campus and it was taken to Bristol. The following year a small Italian House was opened.

Others have carried on from where Dr. Stroebe and Dr. Collins left off nearly two decades ago. From a single school of thirty-nine students in 1915, three other foreign language schools have grown with a total enrollment of over 500. And although the Middlebury idea has been copied by other colleges, its strongest center remains where it began. It is Middlebury's greatest contribution to the educational world.

The difference it has made to the academic strength of the College can not be computed and could be understood only by an alumnus who has recently visited Middlebury during July and August. Architectural landmarks remain the same during these two months; that is about all. English, of course, is banned except in a few year-round offices, but even these offices may expect to receive mail addressed: *Bureau du president du college, Bureau du doyen, Bureau de l'editeur*, or the equivalent in Italian, Spanish, or German.

Like Gaul, the campus is divided into three parts, Little France to the north, Little Spain in the center, Little Italy to the South. The American stars and stripes have the place *par excellence* on the crest of Chapel Hill, but the French flag flutters over the Chateau; Hepburn Hall becomes the Casa Española and the Spanish red, yellow, and purple bars dominate the surrounding territory; the Delta Kappa Epsilon house goes Italian and the Deke lion yields to the Italian ensign. The German School, with the Bristol Inn as its center, washes its hands of all things associated with politics, and uses its own emblem taken from the Goslar fountain. Old Chapel ceases to be the heart of academic and administrative affairs. An office of the Spanish director is moved to Hepburn Hall; the Freshman Commons becomes *el Comedor de la Casa Española*, the Social Hall a *Salon de Reunions*; and Mother Mason's garden becomes *el Jardin de la Senora Mason*.

The office of the director of the French School is to be found in Forest Hall (Forêt d'Est), and the other schools have similar centers of interest. Each has its own library and book store, replicas of foreign book shops carrying a wide assortment of current literature. Each has its own displays of art, its own little theatre, its own nights at the Cinema, and its own program of evening lectures and musicals.

This year at the common Commencement of the four language schools held in Mead Memorial Chapel honorary degrees of Doctor of Letters were conferred upon Georges Ascoli, Alexander Hohlfeld, Pedro Salinas. It was the first time that such degrees have been given at the Language School Commencement, but the significance of the event lies far deeper than that. Dr. Ascoli is one of the Sorbonne professors best known to American students of French; Dr. Salinas is a leader in a contemporary world poetry movement originating in Spain; Dr. Hohlfeld is the greatest German scholar in this country. The significance lies in the fact that Middlebury, after its twenty-two years in modern language work, could offer these men such a degree without embarrassment.

O TEMPORA, O MATRES

[Continued from page 20]

mended for their great work and progress. President Brainerd made great strides. President Thomas advanced the College in very large measure.

These questions are all relative. We are trying to compare the past with the present. My early childhood without automobile, electric lights, telephone, radio, movies or talkies was just as happy as that of the present-day child with all of these necessities of life. However, the diplomas of no one means more to the present day graduate than does mine of 1921 mean to me.

WILLIAM M. MEACHAM, '21
Headmaster, The Farm and Trades School
Thompson's Island
June 14, 1937 Boston, Massachusetts

Personal News and Notes of the Alumni

ALUMNI ELECTIONS

The result of the ballot for alumni officers conducted through the mail this past spring was as follows:

National President—
JUDGE THOMAS H. NOONAN, '91
Alumni Trustee-at-Large—
H. D. LEACH, '10
Buffalo District President—
H. O. THAYER, '12
Washington District President—
P. A. WRIGHT, '09
Chicago District President—
B. W. SHERMAN, '09

1883

WILLIAM HARVEY HOYT died April 15, 1937 at Dyersburg, Tenn.

1888

REV. EDWIN J. KLOCK died at Wallingford, Vermont May 30, 1937.

1891

DR. ERNEST C. BRYANT, professor of physics at Middlebury College since 1895, retired in June.

1898

HERMAN D. SEARS. Address: 505 Canyon Road, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

1901

DR. GLENN WHITE. Address: National City Bank of New York, 60 Avenue des Champs-Elysees, Paris, France.

1909

MRS. HARLAN S. PERRIGO (O. ELIZABETH GETMAN). Address: 530 West 113th St., New York City.

1916

ALBAN J. PARKER has been appointed deputy attorney general for the state of Vermont.

1918

MRS. LUCY SMITH. Address: 1625 Braeburn Road, Altadena, Calif.

1920

D. H. MOREAU has been reappointed as a member of the State Board of Education of New Jersey by Governor Hoffman. He has served on the Board ten years, having been originally appointed to fill an unexpired term in 1927 by Governor Moore and in 1929 reappointed by Governor Larson for a full eight-year term.

EDWIN T. MAUL. Address: 499 9th St., Bedford, N. J.

MRS. FRANKLIN B. SPEAKMAN (LUELLA J. MARTIN). Address: 904 Brighton Road, Jackson, Michigan.

1922

REV. JULIAN M. BISHOP is rector of St. Ansgarius' Church in Chicago. Address: 2514 W. Thorndale Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

1923

HENRY EDDY has been appointed to teach English at the Rutland, Vt. High School.

MRS. J. ALLAN HUNTER (BARBARA BROWNING). Address: 520 Robineau Road, Syracuse, N. Y.

1924

MARION WELCOME was married July 4, 1937 to Mr. Edward Partridge, Jr. They will make their home at 15 Lenox Ave., E. Orange, N. J.

Announcement has been received of the marriage of MARGARET HARRIMAN to Mr. George Seely. Mr. and Mrs. Seely plan to live in Venezuela. Address: Lago Petroleum Corp., Apartado 172, Maracaibo, Venezuela.

1925

The engagement of PAUL W. BENEDICT to NATHALIE G. HALL, '30, has been announced.

A son, Richard Almeron, was born April 11, 1937 to Mr. and MRS. ARTHUR A. HEADLEY (DOROTHY TILLAPAUGH).

CLARENCE STURTEVANT is principal of the Senior High School in New Canaan, Conn.

Announcement has been received of the marriage of RUTH E. TAYLOR to Mr. James J. Carter on July 31, 1937.

Personal News and Notes of the Alumni

1926

DANA S. HAWTHORNE announces the opening of an office for the general practice of law, Colonial Building, New Canaan, Conn.

EARL K. PECKHAM. Address: 4300 No. Vincent Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

A son, Donald Woodruff, was born to Mr. and MRS. RICHARD LUM (MABEL BENEDICT) of Chatham, New Jersey, on July 1, 1937.

1927

LUCILE NORTON was married June 12 to Mr. John F. Grimes.

HALBERT E. PHILLIPS. Address: Sunset Road, Livingston, N. J.

MRS. F. R. PIERSON (MARY ALICE BARKER). Address: 46 Halsey St., Southampton, L. I., N. Y.

MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM E. HERRLICH (MARION MORGAN) are parents of a son, William Morgan, born July 6, 1937.

1928

A son was born February 28, 1937 to Mr. and MRS. LEONARD M. DONAHUE (LOUISE SARGENT). Address: 106 Bellevue Ave., Rutland, Vt.

L. FAYETTE CLARK. Address: 19 Lafayette St., Springfield, Mass.

EDWARD POSNER was married on August 29 to Miss Mildred Walkenberg.

JOYCE JOSLYN was married on June 23, 1937 to Dr. Winston A. Young Sargent.

DON PENN is employed in the Actuarial Dept. of the Prudential Insurance Co. in Newark, N. J.

1929

DR. DAVID D. WAUGH announces the removal of his office to 253 Cumberland St., Brooklyn, New York.

Announcement has been received of the marriage of MILDRED ROSS to Mr. Donald Ward.

A son, David Caldwell, was born July 16, 1937 to MR. and Mrs. LEONARD D. RICCIO.

THOMAS F. MANGAN, JR. married Miss M. Helen Durick on June 30, 1937.

Word has been received of the birth of a son, Richard, to Rev. and MRS. BRISTOL CHATTERTON (MURIEL RICHARDSON).

MRS. ROBERT G. KLEMM (ELIZABETH MCDERMOTT). Address: 400 Spring St., Fayetteville, New York.

MRS. ANDREW WAIT (IRENE AVERY). Address: 20 George St., Greenfield, Mass.

A daughter was born May 18, to MR. and Mrs. LLEWELLYN ROBERTS of Wallingford, Vt.

LUCY F. HUMPHREYS was married on August 9, 1937 to Mr. Raymond A. Griffin of Baltimore, Maryland.

Announcement has been received of the marriage of EDWARD LANDON to Miss Adelaide M. Drew of Bradenton, Florida.

1930

A son was born June 22 to MR. and Mrs. W. RAYMOND WELLS.

LESLIE VALOIS. Address: United Traction Co., Broadway, Albany, N. Y.

MRS. GILMAN H. LOWERY (NORMA HOWARD). Address: R. F. D. No. 6, New Brunswick, New Jersey.

A son, Valmer Jack, was born April 8, 1937 to MR. and Mrs. VALMER GOLTRY.

ELLIS A. BEMISS was married on July 24 to Miss Kathleen C. Painter. At Home: 505 Pleasant St., Malden, Massachusetts.

GROSVENOR M. CROOKS. Address: 101 Merriam St., Lexington, Mass.

The engagement of Miss Helen M. Kent to SANFORD S. WITHERELL has been announced.

1931

NATHALIE LEWIS was married August 7 to DR. CORNELIUS BRINK.

ROBERT SPENCER was married June 5 to Miss Theresa Pappalardo. in Mead Memorial Chapel.

MRS. RODERIC W. CROSS (CHARLOTTE ELTON). Address: 405 East 54th St., New York City.

MAYNARD C. ROBINSON was married November 25 to Miss Dorotha P. Stauty.

CEDRIC FLAGG was married on July 4 to Miss Helen M. Miller. Mr. Flagg is employed in the research laboratory of the National Lead Company, Perth Amboy, New Jersey.

J. CALVIN AFFLECK. Address: Care of Delbert Delanoy, 121 Shippen St., Weehawken, N. J.

Announcement has been received of the marriage of FRED B. WILLIAMS to Miss Pearl M. Arthur. At Home: 475 Carson Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

1932

RICHARD T. MCDERMOTT. Address: 530 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

EUGENE H. THIELE. Address: 404 Bewley Bldg., Lockport, N. Y.

MR. AND MRS. ARTHUR REAMER KLINE (LOUISE BRAYTON) are parents of a daughter, Florence Reamer, born July 3, 1937.

EDWARD S. PIKE married Miss Frances O. Mason on June 5, 1937.

Announcement has been received of the marriage of VIRGINIA COLEY to KINGLSEY SMITH, '33.

1933

ANTHONY G. L. BRACKETT was married on June 16, to Miss Clarice Burnum Miller.

DR. AND MRS. PHILLIP CARPENTER (HELEN M. EASTON). Address: Cranford Apartments, Ames, Iowa. Dr. Carpenter is to teach at Iowa State College in the department of bacteriology during the coming year.

REV. EVERETT W. GOULD. Address: Box 182 Parkman, Ohio.

ANSON V. RANSOM. Address: 20 Arlington Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. Mr. Ransom is assistant manager of a F. W. Woolworth store in Brooklyn.

1934

Announcement has been received of the marriage of JOSEPHINE KNOX, '35, to NATT L. DIVOLL, JR. on June 26.

ABRAHAM MANELL. Address: International House, Berkeley, California.

EVALD B. OLSON is an insurance salesman with the Liberty Mutual Insurance Co. Address: 740 Burmont Road, Drexel Hill, Penn.

A daughter, Carolyn Mae, was born May 20 to MR. CHARLES E. THRASHER, '32, AND MRS. CHARLES E. THRASHER (MARGARET T. SMITH).

NELDA A. FILIPPONE has been awarded a fellowship at the University of Florence, Italy.

The engagement has been announced of CATHERINE MCDERMOTT to Mr. Willard J. Condo, Rock Island, Ill.

DOUGLAS L. JOCELYN is to be principal of the high school at Montgomery, New York during the coming year.

A son was born June 11 to MR. AND MRS. ROBERT D. YOUNG (MARGERY A. PLUE).

ELIZABETH G. BROWN has accepted a position to teach English in the Arlington High School, Poughkeepsie, New York.

1935

BURTON HOLMES. Address: 310 Standard Building, 112 State St., Albany, N. Y. MR. HOLMES is manager of the Group Department of the Aetna Life Ins. Co.

Personal News and Notes of the Alumni

GEORGE A. ELLIOTT is teaching American history and civics at the Glens Falls, New York High School.

LOUISE T. FEATHER AND HYATT H. WAGGONER were married June 26, 1937.

FRANK LOMBARDY married RUTH FURNESS, '37, June 18. Mr. Lombardy is to teach at Montpelier, Vt. High School during the coming year.

NORMA SELLECK has been appointed as a member of the staff of the Bristol High School where she will teach commercial subjects.

1936

BARBARA WISHART was married on June 26, to Ralph W. Erickson.

MRS. ALBERT SPENDLOVE (DOROTHY SYMONDS). Address: 11 Storer St., Sanford, Maine.

BEVALIE L. CONE is assistant director of the Delaware Girl Scout Council. Address: 911 Delaware Ave., Wilmington, Del.

LOUISE HUBBARD was married on July 12 to Mr. Byron M'Coy.

VICTOR WILLOUGHBY, JR. is employed by the George A. Nicol Corporation, Engineers and Designers, 500 Fifth Ave., New York City.

DOROTHY WILLIAMS has entered nurses training at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston.

The engagement of CORNELIA PHILIPS to Mr. Robert B. Keegan has been announced.

1937

WILLIAM CRAIG has accepted a position to teach English and history at the Middlebury High School.

The engagement of SUSAN HATHAWAY to Mr. Kenneth Hopper has been announced.

RICHARD HARD is selling life insurance in the Boston area.

NORMAN WENDLER has received an appointment to a graduate fellowship at Rutgers College where he will study for his master's degree.

HAROLD L. AKLEY has accepted a teaching position in Ontario, N. Y.

EDGAR P. BERRY, JR. plans to attend Rochester Medical School, Rochester, N. Y. during the coming year.

FRANCIS CLONAN has accepted a position with the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

HERBERT T. ELLISON, JR. is employed by the National Life Insurance Co. at 225 Broadway, New York City.

LORING D. CHASE plans to attend Yale Divinity School during the coming year.

CHARLES H. HAMLIN is to be a student at the Harvard Medical School, 1937-38.

PAUL W. FOSTER is to study at the University of Oklahoma.

ROBERT L. HUTCHINSON has accepted a position with General Electric Co.

JOYCE W. KINGSLEY, JR. plans to attend the University of Vermont medical school.

ROBERT W. LEONARD has accepted a teaching position for the coming year.

ROBERT B. MALVERN is to study at the General Theological Seminary, New York City.

FREDERIC D. MANCHESTER has accepted a position with the Firestone Tire and Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio.

SIDNEY P. WHITE has accepted a teaching position for the coming year.

ARTHUR E. WILSON has enrolled as a student at the University of Buffalo Medical School.

CHARLES H. SAWYER is studying at Cambridge, England.

FRANK PISKOR has received a fellowship from Syracuse University.

WENDELL H. POWERS plans to attend the University of New Hampshire during the coming year.

ERMA A. WRIGHT is planning to do graduate work at Smith College.

MARION WISHART is a student dietitian at the Women's Educational and Industrial Union, Boston, Mass.

HELEN B. WHITTLE is employed by the Aetna Life Insurance Co., Hartford, Conn.

J. BARBARA WEAVER is to teach French and Latin at Roscoe, N. Y.

MILDRED TRASK is engaged in statistical work with the United Factors, New York.

KATHERINE STACKEL is studying at the School of Sacred Music, New York City.

NATALIE ROGERS has been appointed to teach in the Norfolk, N. Y. High School.

ELEANOR MILLIGAN has accepted a teaching position in Wilmington, Vt.

ELIZABETH KNOX is teaching at the Sunapee, N. H. High School.

ISABEL A. INGHAM has accepted a position to teach English at the Woodbury, Conn. High School.

ISABEL HANDY plans to teach at the New Berlin, N. Y. High School during the coming year.

MARION G. GERLING has been appointed mathematics teacher at the Old Forge, New York High School.

JANET ENNIS is employed at the Boston Dispensary.

DORIS DOWNING is teaching at the Athens, N. Y. High School.

JEAN E. DOUGLAS is employed by the Emergency Peace Campaign in Philadelphia.

DORIS K. CUTTING has accepted a teaching position in Chester, Vt.

MARGHERITA COSENZA is studying at the Katherine Gibbs School, New York City.

CAROL BLOOM is teaching in the Sunapee, N. H. High School.

ELIZABETH BEEBE is teaching at the Hyde Park, Vt. High School.

HELEN K. BARNUM is assistant teacher at the American Women's College, Istanbul, Turkey.

CONNECTICUT ALUMNI DINNER

Eighty Middlebury graduates and prospective students attended the annual Connecticut alumni dinner held Friday night, May 21, at the Hotel Barnum in Bridgeport, Connecticut.

President Moody gave a report on the state of the college today, and E. J. Wiley showed colored pictures of Middlebury's college life. A professor emeritus, Myron R. Sanford, who now lives in Bridgeport, spoke briefly. Professor Duane L. Robinson, '03, former head of the French department at Middlebury, gave a reading in French-Canadian dialect from Drummond. Richard A. Fear, '31, led the singing for the group, and Mrs. E. J. Wiley accompanied on the piano.

Roy H. Walch, '13, the district president, acted as master of ceremonies, while Ralph W. Hedges, '12, chairman of the committee on arrangements presided. A committee was appointed to consider establishing an alumni scholarship for Connecticut boys who are going to Middlebury. It was voted to hold the next meeting at Hartford, Connecticut.

TO THE ALUMNAE

At the annual meeting of the Alumnae Association in June, it was voted that notices of the Alumni Homecoming Day be sent only to those of the Alumnae who are active members of the Association.

It was voted also, that notice to this effect be published in the September number of the News Letter of this year.

The reason for the action is that there are now approximately 1700 of our alumnae and if the notices in question were at any time sent out under three-cent postage, the expense of paying the postage alone, would be too great for the Alumnae Association to meet in its present financial condition.

HARTFORD ALUMNAE CLUB ELECTIONS

Officers of the Hartford Alumnae Club of Middlebury College for the coming season will be: Mrs. Robert A. Healy, president; Miss Virginia Knox, vice-president; Miss Evelyn Poppel, secretary and treasurer, and Miss Genevieve Elmer, delegate-at-large.

Committee chairmen: Mrs. William A. D. Wurts, Scholarship; Miss Mildred Kienle, Ways and Means; Miss Elizabeth Bean, Miss Clara Park (co-chairmen), Transportation; Mrs. Burton MacDonald, September meeting; Mrs. Vernon T. Dow, November meeting; and Miss Olivet Beckwith, Annual Picnic.

Miss Margery Burdett will have charge of the tea to be given in honor of young women planning to attend Middlebury College.

ALUMNI HOMECOMING - NOVEMBER 12-14